

ONE way to reduce the cost of living is to watch the spoonfuls—to learn the many simple ways of kitchen economy.



You have heard a good deal about the discovery of the scientific Crisco Process. Perhaps you have not realized that one of Crisco's most important advantages is economy. Besides being a pure vegetable cooking fat, which produces digestible and delicious foods, Crisco also is a money saver. For the following reasons it is economy to use

CRISCO

For Frying For Shortening
For Cake Making

Economy in Frying

Can be used over and over for frying all manner of foods—fish, onions, potatoes. In deep frying, Crisco can be heated hotter than lard without smoking. By having Crisco hot enough and by adding a small amount of raw food at a time, there practically will be no absorption. Notice how small an amount has been used.

Economy in Shortening

Crisco is the richest of cooking fats. Less, therefore, need be used. Crisco also is cheaper per net pound than the best quality of lard.

Economy in Cake Making

Crisco costs less than half as much as butter and less Crisco need be used.



MOUNTED NIGHT COPPER

Durant is to have a mounted night policeman, so it was decided by the Council last week. The mounted officer will work from six o'clock at night to six in the morning, and will be quartered at the City Hall, where he can respond in a very few minutes to any call from any part of the city. The name of the new officer has not yet been announced.

NEW GROCERY

Durant has a new grocery store, which is being advertised to open for business with a formal opening Saturday. It is located in the building on Second, formerly occupied as the Rock Hotel, and is operated by Messrs. E. G. Cole and W. M. Townsend. The building has been entirely remodeled inside and out, and presents a very neat appearance. The stock of groceries is new entirely.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days
Your druggist will refund money if FAGO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, stinging, bleeding or protruding piles in 14 days. The first application gives ease and rest. 50c.

TO COLORADO BY AUTOMOBILE

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kenton, of Calera, and their daughter, Mrs. C. M. Wood, of Kenefick, were here Tuesday, en route to Colorado, which trip they are making in Mr. Kenton's automobile. They will make the trip going by the way of Kansas City, and returning by the way of Santa Fe and Albuquerque, New Mexico. The entire trip will be about 3,500 miles.

CORONA TYPEWRITERS—The standard visible, folding, portable machine. Weighs but nine pounds when folded and encased. Standard in every respect but price. See a demonstration at the Weekly News office, Durant, Okla. Adv

RUB-MY-TISM
Will cure your Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headaches, Cramps, Colic, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts and Burns, Old Sores, Stings of Insects Etc. Antiseptic Anodyne, used internally and externally. Price 25c.

Here You Are!

Coca-Cola

Here's a new voice for the thirsty rooster—here's a refreshment for the excited fan—here's a deliciousness for all—Coca-Cola, the beverage that satisfies everyone—that wine business men enjoy—that everyone welcomes for its simple, pure wholesomeness.

Carbonated in bottles—at stands and in grand stands—and at soda fountains everywhere.

Demanded the genuine by full name—Bottled exclusively by authorized distributors.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow, think of Coca-Cola.

The BROKEN COIN

By EMERSON HOUGH

From the Scenario by GRACE CUNARD

FIRST INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER I.

The Cryptic Coin.
Kitty Gray, crack reporter on the Evening Star, pulled out of her typewriter the last sheet of paper and piled it on the little heap of finished copy which lay at her right. Then she closed her desk, stepped to the wardrobe and took her coat and hat.

Taking her little collection of copy paper from the desk, with the privilege of long tenure in office she walked to the desk of the city editor, who, although himself a married man, had all this time without success tried to look at the work before him and not at the trim figure of Kitty Gray making ready for her luncheon journey.

"When will you deign to return?" asked he with a certain lapse in journalistic dignity.

"When I have a better story than this guff—in the vernacular."

Kitty's favorite lunching place was in one of the great department stores, where women were made welcome and comfortable, and she bent thither her steps; but midway in her journey she paused, as often she did, to gaze into the window of the little antique shop which occupied space in one of the unimportant side streets.

Kitty Gray's eyes were arrested by something that she saw—an object which she did not recall ever before to have noted in the window. It lay close to the glass, just tilted back so that it might be the better seen. It apparently was an old coin or part of one, curiously done in some dark metal, probably silver badly oxidized.

As Kitty bent down to examine it more closely, she saw that the coin bore an inscription, or what appeared to be such—an inscription broken across by the fracture which had divided the coin itself.

Her curiosity excited, Kitty Gray stepped into the little shop, whose proprietor she knew very well.

"Good morning, Mr. Malin," she said with the customary newspaper inversion of the order of the day, "how's business? Any new fans, idols, coins?"

"Coins? Yes! Sure, I got something new dot is oit. I choost tink of him. He iss only a part of himself. Should I show him to you?"

"Oh, maybe I saw it in the window," said Kitty, smiling. "You mean the broken coin?"

"Sure. Vait till I got him."

She took up the coin now from the case, and some strange sort of thrill came over her as she did so, she could not tell why. What was its message, halting, broken, incomplete? Did it hold a story? What was the story?

"It's odd, isn't it?" said she, and laid it down again carelessly—with a carelessness well forgiven, for Kitty Gray had bought antiques before now, and knew well enough when to suppress interest.

"Odt? I should say it vas odt," rejoined the old dealer. Kitty had picked up an insidiously examining that now.

"How much?" asked she, holding up the fan.

"For the broken coin?"

"No, the fan."

"I want twelf tollar for him."

"For the coin?"

"No, for the fan. For the coin—vait you gif me?"

"Why, what earthly use would I have for a broken piece of metal like that, Mr. Malin?"

"Gif me for the fan eleven dollar, and I make you a present of the broken coin anyway."

Kitty Gray's heart gave a sudden little jump. She would have given twice eleven dollars for the coin itself, but she made a good pretense.

"Eleven dollars is a good deal of money," said she. "I would have to go without lunch for quite a while."

"You are a goot sport, Miss Gray," said the old dealer. "I dank you very much. I should wrap thout up?"

"The fan—yes. Let me see the coin again." She rushed across the counter almost the last of the tightly folded bills in her purse.

"Read the inscription for me, and I knock off two tollars from the fan!" said Malin. "Vot is it? It is not German. It is not French. It is not English. I am all those. But I could not read him."

Kitty held before her the curious object, a slight frown peckering her brows.

"Well, you see," said she. "It is broken right across on the right hand side—almost a third of the writing is gone. It says something about looking for something under the floor, under the pavement of some place of torture or torment."

"Und vot next?"

"Thesaur—that word's broken across, but it must mean 'treasures'—that means 'a collection'—a 'collection of value,' don't you know?"

"The next line is one word; it's all there—'Regis,'—he went on. "That's plain. 'Regis'—it means 'king's' or 'of the king.' 'The king's treasures'—what?"

"I'm down to the last words now. It is curious—a proper name. It is only the Latin name of the kingdom of Gretzhoffen! That's a little bankrupt kingdom over in southern Europe, near the Mediterranean. I know about it—I did a story about it once, the time the kingdom was trying to float a loan in this country. I had to read up a whole lot."

"I bet you could do it, Miss Gray," said Malin, admiringly. "Vell, goot-by. Come again und tell me vot you find out, like a goot girl."

"Sure," said Kitty, and turned to leave, her coin clutched tightly in her hand. So intent was she on her purchase that she did not notice she had dropped the package containing the shell-ribbed fan. Vaguely missing something as she emerged into the open air, she turned back, and almost ran into a man who had passed her as she came out. He was a foreign-looking individual, dark of hair and eyes and skin, strongly built, a figure such as one would note. He bowed now courteously enough as he handed her the package she had let fall. Kitty thanked him and hurried on her way.

This stranger entered the shop and spoke in some foreign tongue to the old dealer, who shook his head.

"No," said he, answering in English. "I choost sold it—to dot young lady who vent out."

"Who is she? I know her very well. She is on der papers. Better look out or she put you in der paper sure. Miss Kitty Gray vos an oldt friend of mine. She read like a book vot vos on the coin. Vy didn't you telephone—maybe she sell it back to you—I don't know. She wouldn't sold it back to me, I know dot. Vot! you are going?"

CHAPTER II.

The Big Assignment.

Kitty Gray did not go to her usual place for luncheon that day. Instead she hurried into a nearby delicatessen shop and bought a sandwich, which she put in her handbag. After this she hurried on back to the office. Arrived there, without ceremony she went again to the desk of the city editor, and silently laid down before him her empty purse, her antique fan, her sandwich and her broken coin.

Cutler looked up with professional calm.

"Yes, Miss Gray? Why all this orderly array of fresh and interesting objects?"

"That is my story," said she. "What makes you think so? Are you seeing things, Miss Gray?"

"Look here."

Kitty picked up the coin and showed it to him.

"See, it is broken quite across—more than a third of it gone. The inscription is Latin. It is not so much what is on the coin—it is what is off of it. Perhaps it commemorates something."

"Commemorates what, Miss Gray?"

"Precisely—what? That's the story!"

"By Jove!" Cutler was studying at the inscription. "Sub means 'under'—what does it say?—under the ham-

boo tree?"

"No, 'under the sidewalk' or the 'flagstone,' or 'floor.'"

"Underneath the flagstone' or 'pavement' or 'floor'—in the angle or 'corner'—whatever that may be—'chamber of torture'—room of torments—whatever it is—there will be found treasures—of the king—of

"Of Gretzhoffen!" concluded Kitty Gray. "You have not forgotten all your Latin, have you, Mr. Cutler? There is a story for you—if we can only dig it out. There'd be an assignment, wouldn't there? I'd rather do that than society in the summer-time."

Billy Cutler, time-tried news man, grown thin and grim and gray in the business, sat for just one moment in thought. "Wait a minute, please," said he at length, and rose to leave the room.

Kitty did wait anxiously enough, for what reason she could not tell. She sat at her own desk, the mysterious broken coin tight clutched in her hand. It seemed an hour before she saw the slender form of the city editor returning from the door which led to the office of the manager and publisher of the Evening Star. He looked at her thoughtfully as he approached.

He held out a check.

"Three thousand dollars!" Kitty Gray's eyes grew larger.

"Expense money. Three months' vacation. Full powers as missionary plenipotentiary of the Evening Star to Gretzhoffen, ambassadress to any old place you happen to think of, Miss Gray. I never knew the old man to go off his head before, but he has this time."

Tugging at her heart the swift feeling that she was leaving her usual modest and safe line of life to adventure upon something perhaps fatal—perhaps indeed fatal—Kitty Gray, sober-faced, turned from the door of the Evening Star and walked slowly toward the corner where customarily she took her car for home.

She entered her apartment, cast one

glance about the first little room, and then paused.

The rug in the hall was turned over at one corner—was it by accident? The pictures all hung on the walls, yet several were askew, and—the little wallcase back of one of the pictures—which had held some small objects of little value, an old dagger-type or two, some silver spoons, a few gold pieces which she had cherished—had been broken open. Its contents now lay upon the floor. Amazed, Kitty stooped and picked them up, one by one. Nothing was missing—even the gold coins were there. Nothing had been harmed. But who had done this, and why?

CHAPTER II.

En Voyage.

The great liner Anne of Austria lay in her slip at the dock, her giant funnels just throbbing now and then. Everywhere men and women were hurrying to and fro in the customary orderly confusion of the last few moments before the departure of an ocean steamer.

Calmly Kitty Gray passed on her way to the boat's office and asked for her mail and her keys.

As she turned, she almost stumbled against a man who had just hurried aboard—a dark man, thickset, foreign in appearance. She had the strange conviction that she had seen him before.

Then she turned to settle herself down in her quarters. So far as she knew, she had not an acquaintance on the boat.

Now, oddly enough, she recalled the face of the stranger, the dark-visaged foreigner whom she had met at the ship's office. Surely it must have been the same man who had handed her her package when she dropped it in the little antique shop! Why should he be on board this boat? Why should he recognize her, remember her—for he had! Trust a woman to know that—be had—he did. Yes, he had known her. Again a cold feeling of apprehension clutched at Kitty Gray's stout little heart.

She rose and tried to fling off her depression by means of a visit to the dining saloon. But for some reason she felt she would be more comfortable—or safe—in her own room. Here she lay down upon the single berth, which was directly beneath the porthole.

She woke—she knew not when nor why—woke with her eyes staring, passing in her instant from sleep to waking.

A face was looking in upon her! A man had been looking at her, or trying to look at her, as she lay asleep.

Kitty Gray's instinct spoke to her some message—she could not tell what. Swiftly she caught the chamomile bag from her bosom, and, emptying its main treasures into her hand, placed them in that other treasure house of woman—her stocking. Again feeling the drowsiness invoked by the fresh salt air, at length she lay down once more upon the little couch and resigned herself more comfortably to slumber.

But again she woke—this time it was with a scream of terror. She had felt the touch of a hand. Something had tugged at her neck.

She raised her hand. The chamomile bag was gone—it was the jerk of the broken silk cord that had

awakened her! And there was the hand that had done it, a strong, dark hand, full-reined, hairy. It still clutched the bag—it still was visible at the porthole. A ribbon end had entangled itself for just an instant in the porthole fastening—an instant long enough for Kitty to see what had been the hand that had committed this robbery.

But who was the robber himself? Quick as thought Kitty sprang to the door, ran down the deck, out the next deck door. The land was giving its first saloon concert, and the decks were sparsely tenanted, it seemed. Far off towards the bow a man was passing—what man she could not say. He seemed neither to hurry nor to linger. She could not make out who it was, dared not hang upon him her own suspicion.

She turned to the captain now and made report of what had happened not once but twice; but even as she went she smiled grimly to herself. The

(Continued on Page Seven)

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